



DELL
COMIC

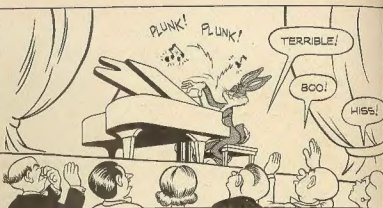
OCTOBER 10¢

LOONEY TUNES

Merrie Melodies comics

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

Present
BUGS BUNNY



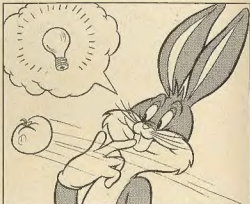
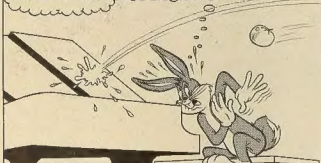
THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF YOUR PIANO
PLAYING, CHUM!



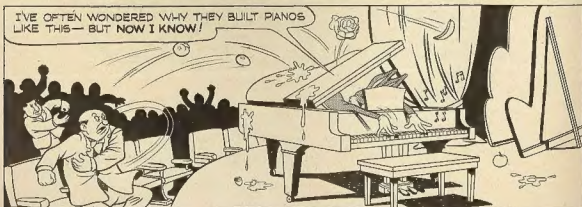
SPAT!



GOLLY! I'VE GOTTA FINISH THIS PIECE... BUT I
CAN'T DO IT WITH A VEGETABLE GARDEN
FLYING AT ME!



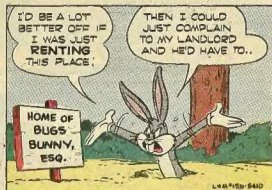
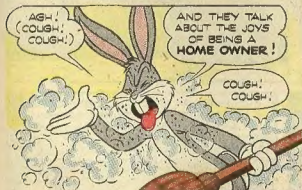
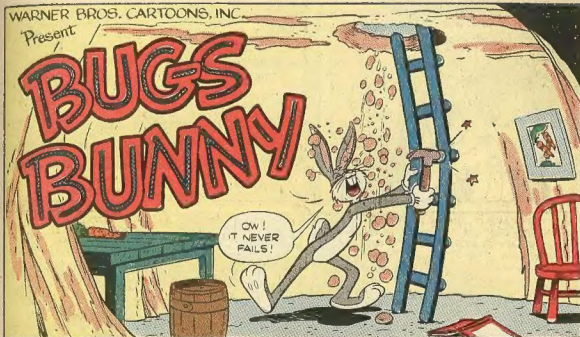
I'VE OFTEN WONDERED WHY THEY BUILT PIANOS
LIKE THIS— BUT NOW I KNOW!



WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

Present

BUGS BUNNY

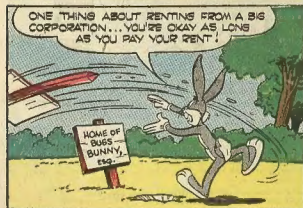
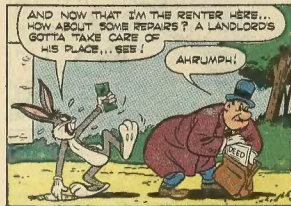
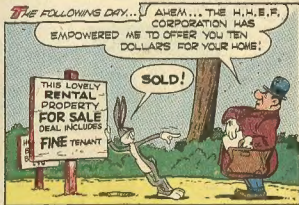
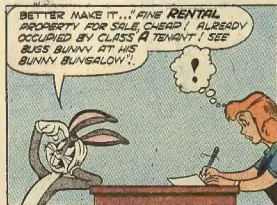


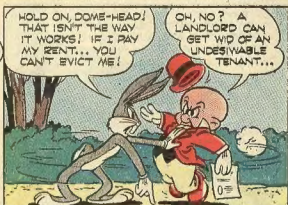
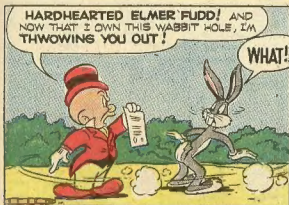
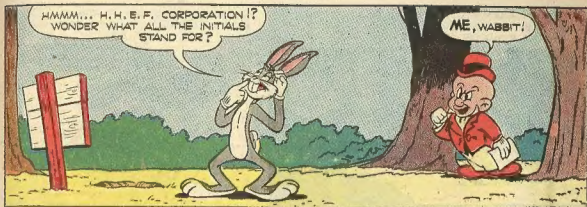
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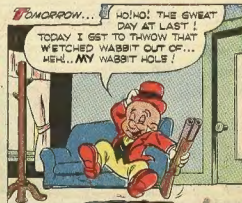
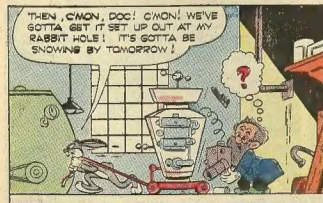
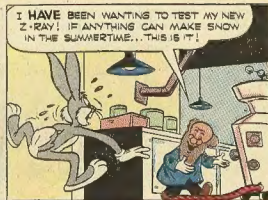
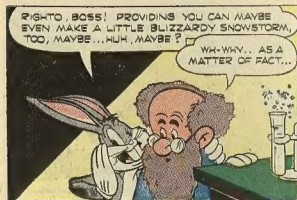
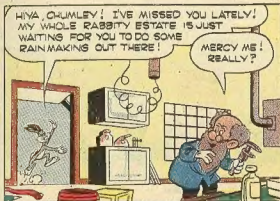
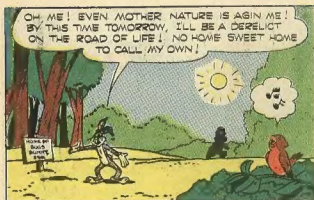
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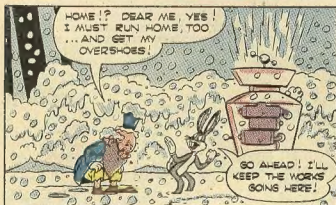
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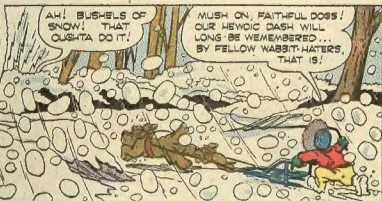
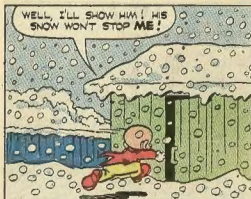
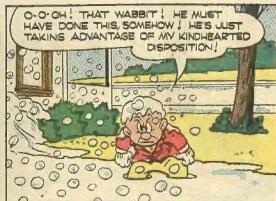
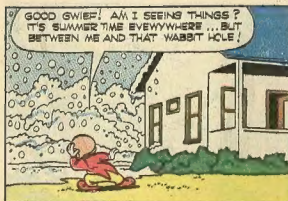
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

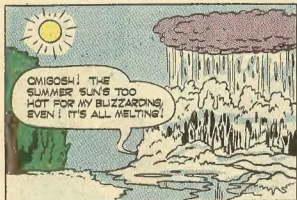




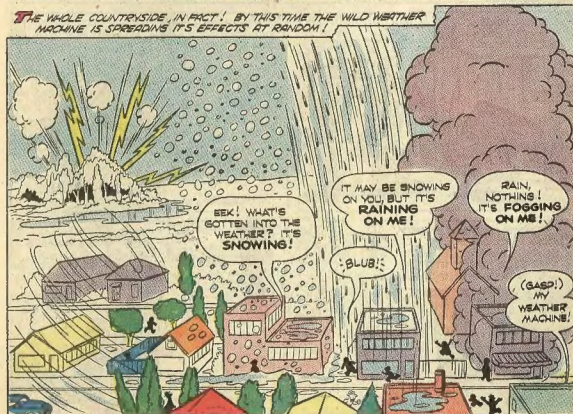


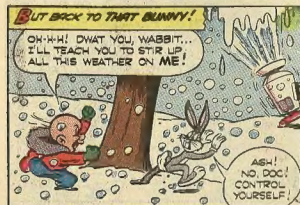
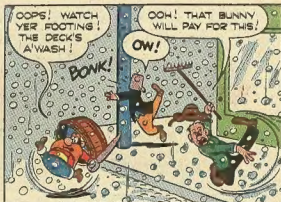
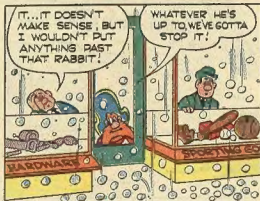
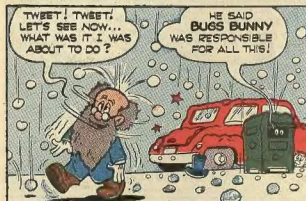


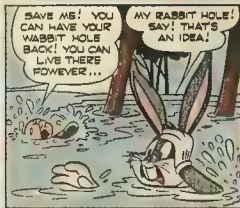
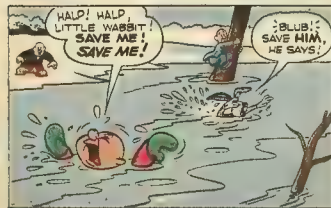
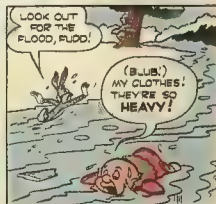
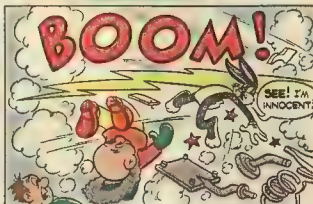
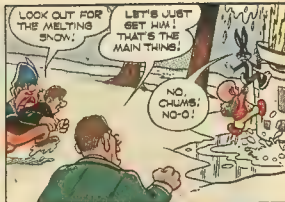
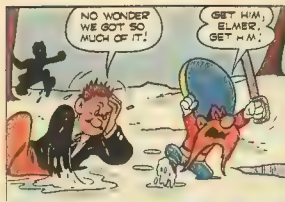


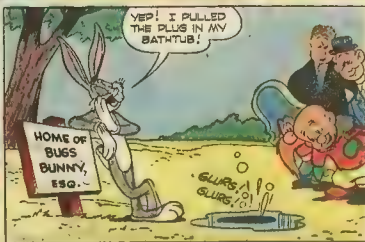
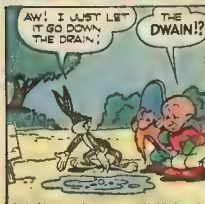
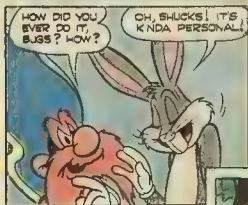
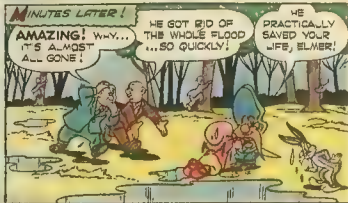
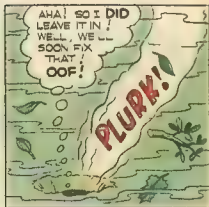
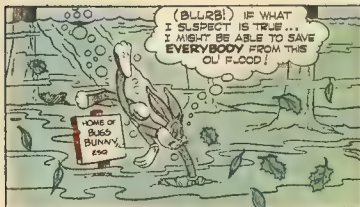


THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE, IN FACT! BY THIS TIME THE WILD WEATHER MACHINE IS SPREADING ITS EFFECTS AT RANDOM!

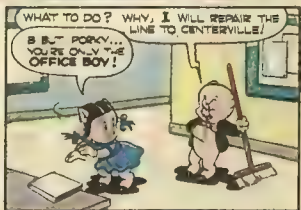
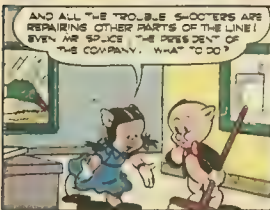
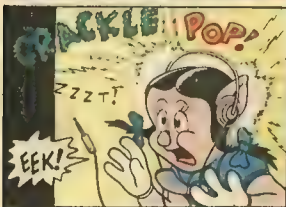
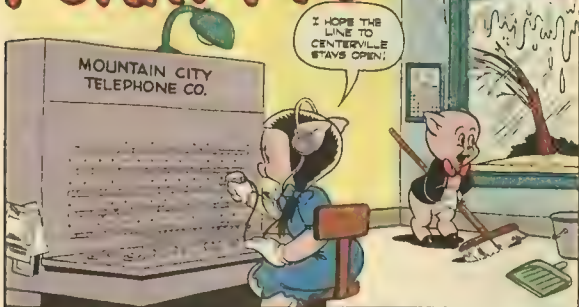


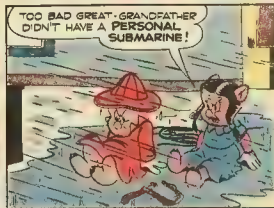
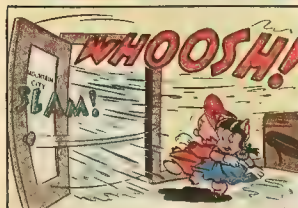
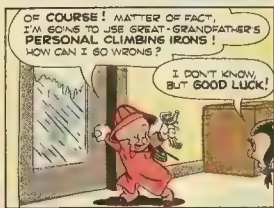
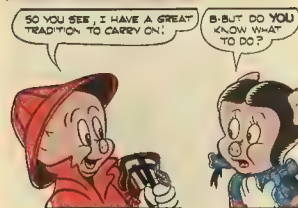
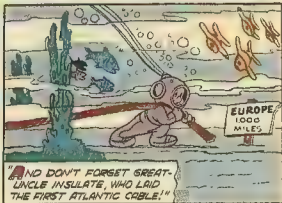
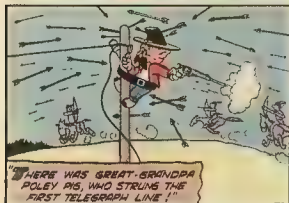
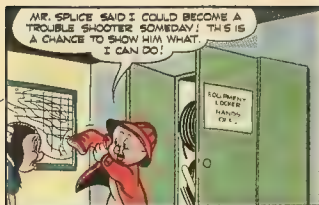


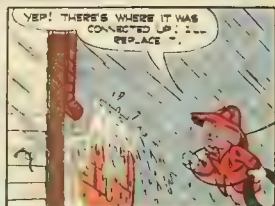
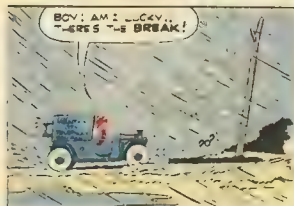
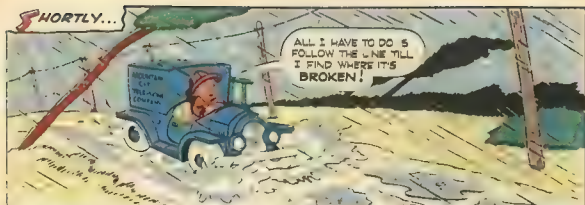


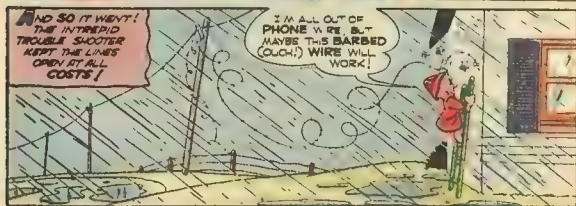
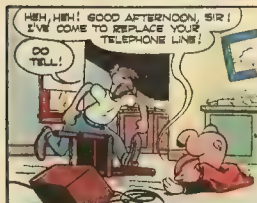
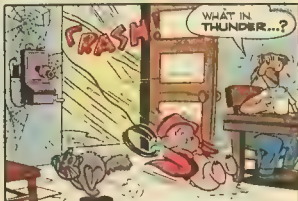
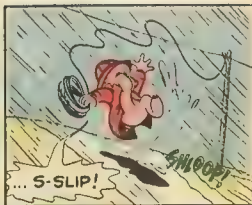
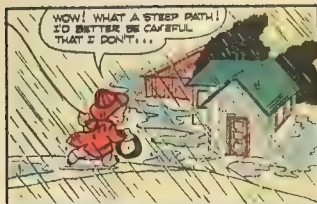


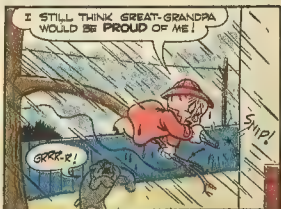
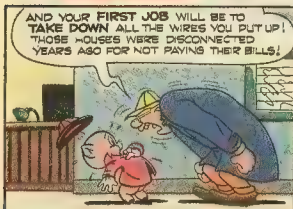
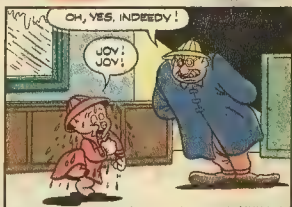
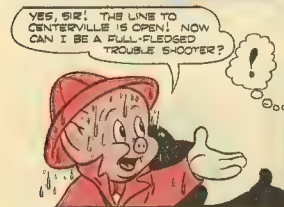
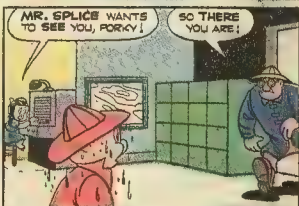
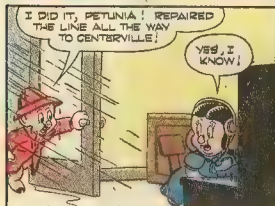
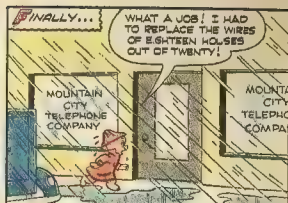
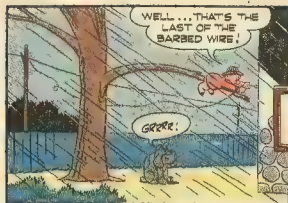
PORKY PIG











WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. PRESENT

ELMER FUDD

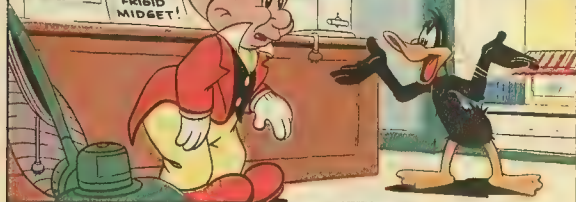
AND DAFFY

WOE S ME MY ELECT'WIC BUSINESS IS TEWIBBLE! I'M GOING BWOKE.

YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE YOU DON'T USE THE RIGHT SALES APPROACH!

ELMER FUDD
RELIANCE
APPL'ANCE
COMPANY

FOR SMALL
HOMES.
WE RIGID
FRIGID
MIDGET!

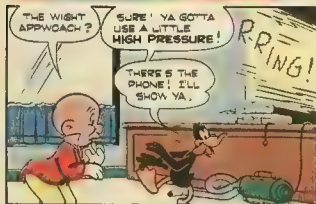


THE WIGHT
APPROACH?

SURE! YA GOTTA
USE A LITTLE
HIGH PRESSURE!

THERE'S THE
PHONE! I'LL
SHOW YA.

R-RING!



RELIANCE APPL'ANCE CO.? THIS IS
MRS. BROWN! I WANT—

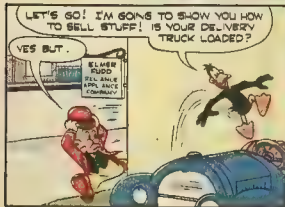
WE'LL BE
RIGHT OVER
MRS. BROWN!



LET'S GO! I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW
TO SELL STUFF! IS YOUR DELIVERY
TRUCK LOADED?

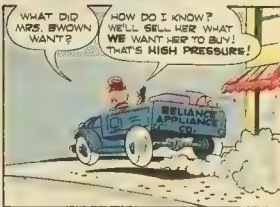
YES BUT.

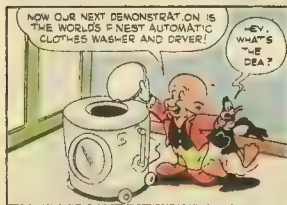
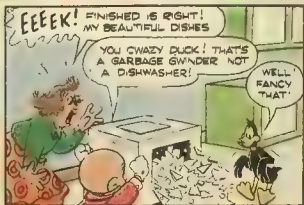
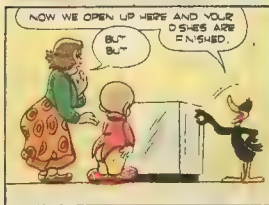
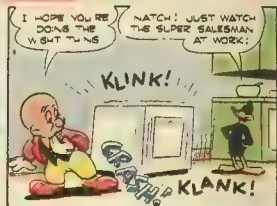
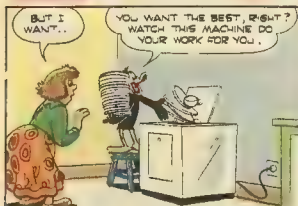
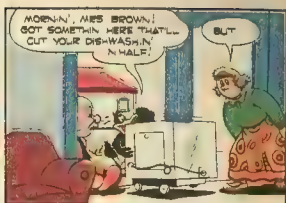
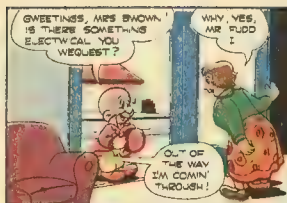
ELMER
FUDD
RELIANCE
APPL'ANCE
COMPANY

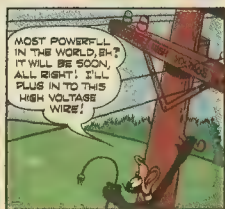
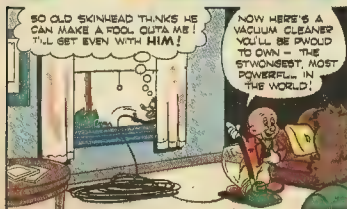
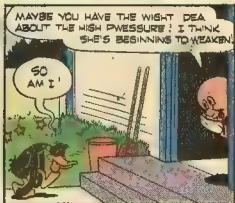
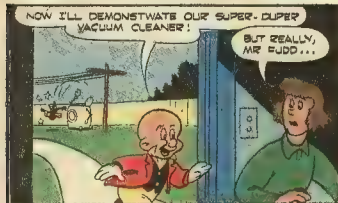
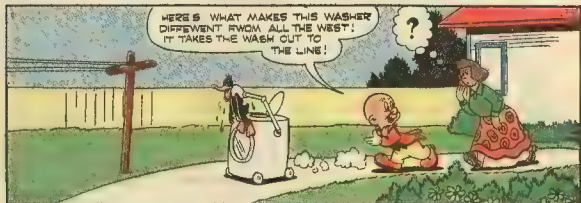
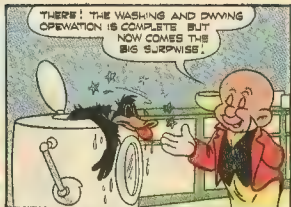
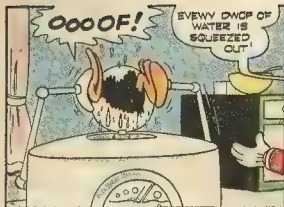


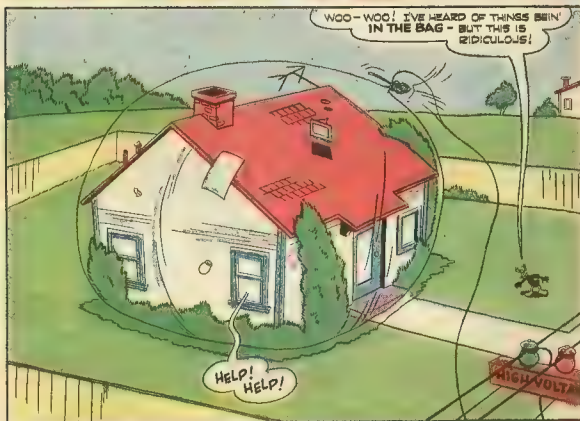
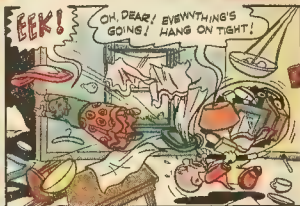
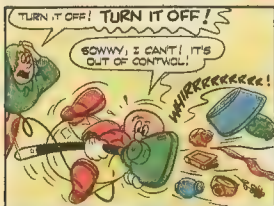
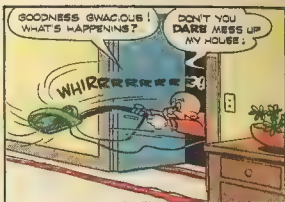
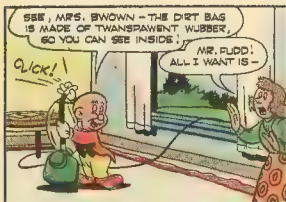
WHAT DID
MRS. BROWN
WANT?

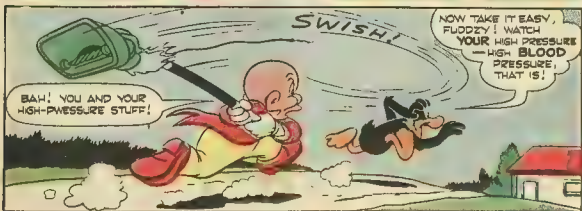
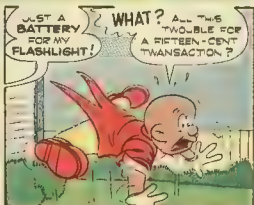
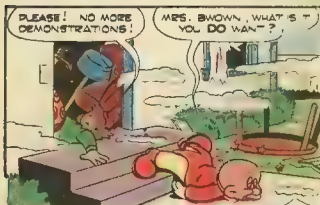
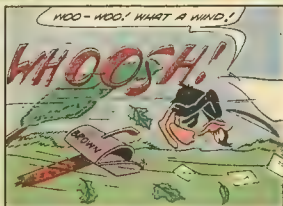
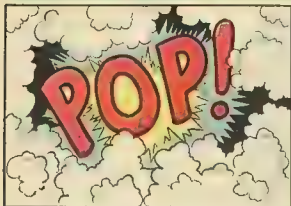
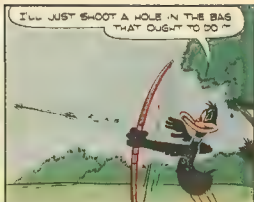
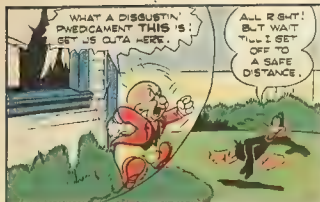
HOW DO I KNOW?
WE'LL SELL HER WHAT
WE WANT HER TO BUY!
THAT'S HIGH PRESSURE!











The BEACH MYSTERY



"Oh, boy!" grinned Bugs Bunny. "This is the life!" He picked up his binoculars and settled back in his chair atop the lifeguard station on the beach. "Better take another squint around to check —"

"HELP! HELP!"

"Yipe!" cried Bugs. "Trouble!"

Dropping his binoculars, he leaped down the steps two at a time, and fairly flew across the sand toward the pier.

While a crowd of excited, curious bathers watched, Bugs rushed into the cold water. He gave a shivery little gasp, then swam quickly out toward the foamy, churning spot where a man was frantically thrashing.

But just as Bugs came within reach, the man slipped beneath the water.

Quick as a wink, Bugs dived under, grabbed the man around the neck, and pulled him up to the surface.

"Jeepers!" thought Bugs. "He must have fallen in. He's got his clothes on!"

Towing the unconscious man to shore, Bugs applied artificial respiration, and in no time at all the man opened his eyes.

"Golly, doc!" said Bugs. "You'd better take swimming lessons — you nearly got yourself waterlogged! What happened?"

Without saying a word, or thanking Bugs, the man scrambled quickly to his feet and sped off down the beach.

"Hmmm! What's eatin' him?" said Bugs.

At that moment, up rushed Porky Pig, who was also spending his summer at the beach as a lifeguard. "Bugs!" he yelled. "Come on! We've got to trail that guy you just rescued! I think he's a crook!"

"A crook!" cried Bugs. "Omigosh!" And

off he sprinted.

"No, no, Bugs!" called Porky, galloping frantically after him. "Be quiet! We don't want him to know we're after him!"

Bugs skidded to a stop. "Why not?" he asked. "What's he done?"

"I don't know," panted Porky. "But I'm sure he hid a box in that pile of rocks under the end of the pier!"

"Leapin' hoptoads!" shouted Bugs. "How do you know he hid a box?"

"I saw him through my binoculars," answered Porky. "He was running down the beach with a box in his hand, and he kept glancing back as though somebody was chasing him. Sure enough, pretty soon I saw a policeman come rushing around the curve, way up there on the beach!"

Bugs was pop-eyed with interest. "Go on!" he prompted. "Then what happened?"

"Well," continued Porky, "when the man reached the pier, he glanced back, then ducked down under it on that pile of rocks — and the policeman who was chasing him dashed right past the pier without seeing him! As soon as the policeman had disappeared, the man hid the box. Then when he started back up the rocks, he slipped and fell."

"Gee!" said Bugs. "Let's get that box pronto! It must be important." And he and Porky headed for the pile of rocks in double-quick time.

As they scrambled down over the rocks, Porky pointed to a place under the pier and said, "He hid it right about there."

They poked into crevices all around the spot, but they couldn't find the box.

"Gosh!" said Porky. "Where can it be?"

Bugs didn't answer. He flopped down on his stomach and reached his hand into a small cave-like opening between two rocks. "I've got it!" he whooped suddenly, drawing out a dark green metal box.

"Open it! Quick!" yelled Porky, jumping up and down excitedly.

Bugs tugged at the lid. "It's locked!" he said. "But maybe I can break it open!"

He crouched down and whacked the lock sharply against a rock, and finally the lid swung open.

Trembling with excitement, they peered into the box.

"Jeeppers!" exclaimed Bugs.

"Wow!" cried Porky. "Just look at this! A diamond necklace!" He picked it up gingerly and gazed at it.

"And here's a diamond wrist watch!" said Bugs. "Why, this stuff's worth a fortune! Come on! Let's rush it to the police!"

They quickly replaced the jewelry and started scrambling back up the pile of rocks, but halfway up, they ran into trouble. Climbing down toward them was the man who had hidden the box!

"Oh, oh!" thought Bugs. "We're sunk!"

The man scowled fiercely at Bugs. "Where did you get that box?" he said.

"I found it," answered Bugs.

"Well, hand it over!" commanded the man gruffly, pointing a gun at Bugs. "And make it snappy!"

Bugs eyed the gun nervously. "Since you put it *that* way," he said, "here!" He held up the box.

But when the man started to step down to get it, Bugs grabbed the cuff of his trouser leg and gave a hard, quick jerk. Over toppled the man! The gun whooshed through the air, and with a big splash and a little splop, they both landed in the ocean.

"Help!" screamed the man. "Save me!"

"Hang on!" yelled Bugs. "I'm coming!"

Then, turning to Porky, he thrust the box into his hands. "Hurry! Go and get Joe, the beach patrol policeman, while I rescue this dope again."

Porky sped away, and Bugs dived into the water, grabbed the panicked man, and started for shore.

But this time when Bugs hauled him up

onto the beach, the man didn't speed away. No, sir! He was trapped! Porky had found Joe and brought him back in time.

"Well, well!" said Joe. "Dapper Charlie! So the law caught you after all, eh?" He snapped a pair of handcuffs on Charlie's wrists.

"Law, nothing!" Dapper Charlie snorted angrily. "It was those snoopy kids!"

"It sure was!" grinned Joe. Then, turning to Bugs and Porky, he said, "This crook stole that safety deposit box from Mrs. Tom McGrand's chauffeur just as he was going into the bank to return it for safekeeping. A traffic patrolman spotted him and chased him to the beach — the rest is your story. Thanks for a nice piece of detecting."

"Just doing our duty," Bugs tossed off airily.

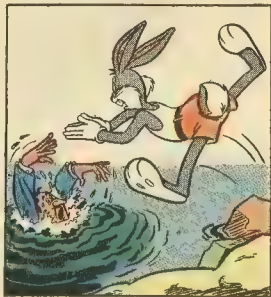
"I'd call it duty *plus*," said Joe, starting off with his prisoner. "Oh, by the way," he called back, "no doubt there'll be a reward for you."

Bugs and Porky grinned happily at each other.

"Well, Sherlock," said Bugs, "we sure wrapped up that case nice and neat. Let's get our binoculars and spy out some more rewardin' duty pluses, shall we?"

"Why not?" Porky shrugged. "If we stand here, we won't get anything but a sunburn!"

So off they trotted across the beach to their lifeguard stations... and, they hoped, more adventures.

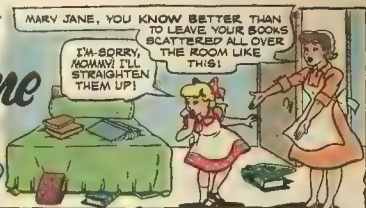


MARY JANE, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN

TO LEAVE YOUR BOOKS
SCATTERED ALL OVER
THE ROOM LIKE
THIS!

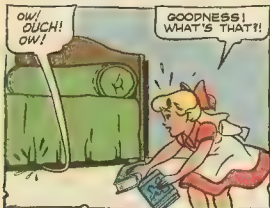
I'M SORRY,
MOMMY! I'LL
STRAIGHTEN
THEM UP!

PRESENT
Mary Jane
and
SNIFFLES



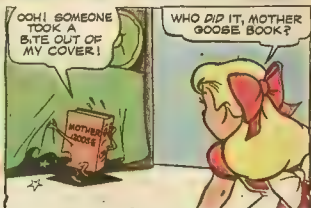
OW!
OUCH!
OW!

GOODNESS!
WHAT'S THAT!?



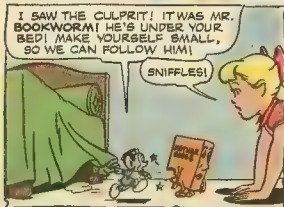
OOH! SOMEONE
TOOK A
BITE OUT OF
MY COVER!

WHO DID IT, MOTHER
GOOSE BOOK?



I SAW THE CULPRIT! IT WAS MR.
BOOKWORM! HE'S UNDER YOUR
BED! MAKE YOURSELF SMALL,
SO WE CAN FOLLOW HIM!

SNIFFLES!



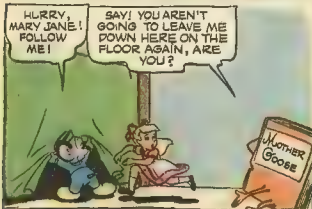
NOW I SHUT MY EYES REAL TIGHT,
THEN I WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT,
MAGIC WORDS OF POOF, POOF, PIFFLES,
MAKE ME JUST AS SMALL AS SNIFFLES!

HUMPH!



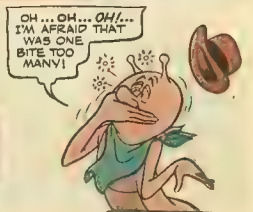
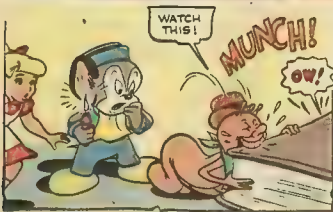
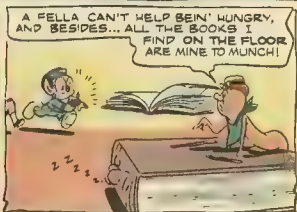
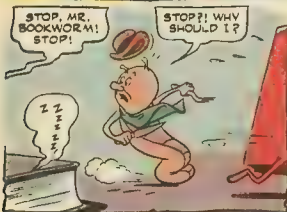
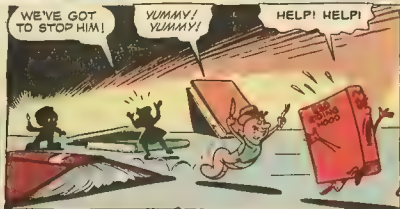
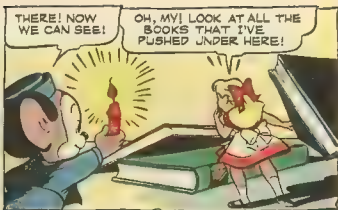
HURRY,
MARY JANE!
FOLLOW
ME!

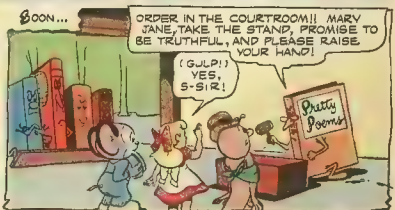
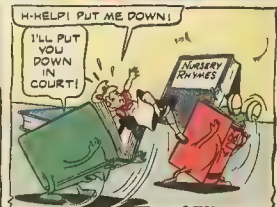
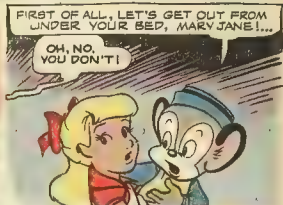
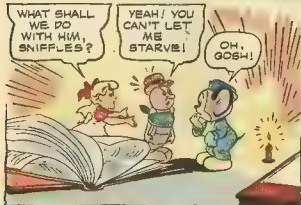
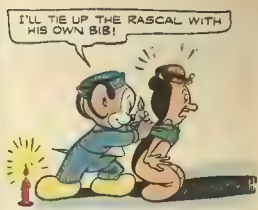
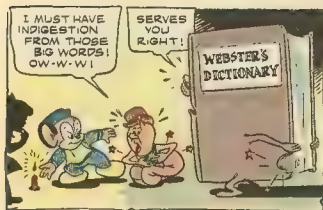
SAY! YOU AREN'T
GOING TO LEAVE ME
DOWN HERE ON THE
FLOOR AGAIN, ARE
YOU?



DON'T WORRY, MOTHER GOOSE
BOOK - I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!







DID YOU LEAVE YOUR BOOKS ON THE FLOOR, WHERE THEY WERE THE BOOKWORMS PREY? DID YOU PUSH THEM UNDER THE BED, AND ABUSE THEM DAY AFTER DAY?

Y-YES, I DID!
AND I'M
SORRY!

WE, THE JURY, FIND MARY JANE GUILTY OF SNOOKERY BOOKERY!

OH, DEAR!

I DO HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO PUT YOUR BOOKS ON THE SHELF AND FIND A TASTY NEW MENU FOR THIS LITTLE ELF!

YES, SIR,
YOUR
HONOR!

OH,
BOY!

GOSH, SNIFFLES.
I DON'T KNOW
WHERE TO
BEGIN!

JUST MAKE YOURSELF
BIG AGAIN, MARY
JANE!

SHORTLY... THERE, ALL MY BOOKS ARE SAFE, NOW, AND I'LL NEVER AGAIN LEAVE THEM ON THE FLOOR!

YOU
LEARNED
YOUR
LESSON,
MARY
JANE!

BUT WHERE'S MR.
BOOKWORM,
SNIFFLES?

OH, I TOOK
CARE OF HIM!

HE'LL NEVER BE HUNGRY
AGAIN! I BROUGHT HIM DOWN
HERE TO YOUR MOTHER'S OLD
DISCARDED NEWSPAPERS!

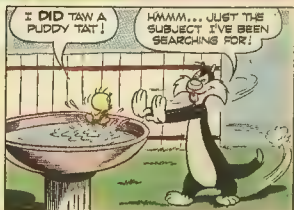
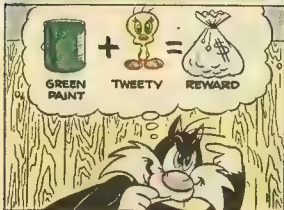
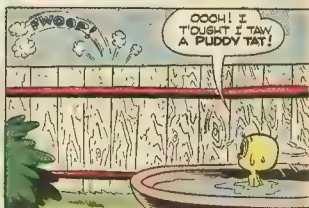
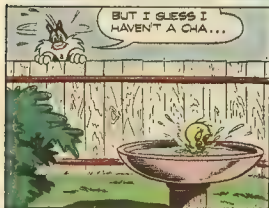
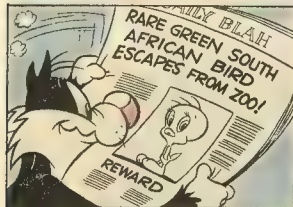
YUM, YUM, YUMMY!
THIS IS TASTIER THAN
THE PUBLIC LIBRARY!

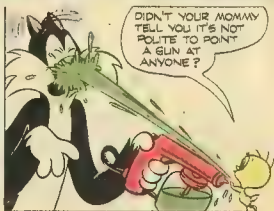
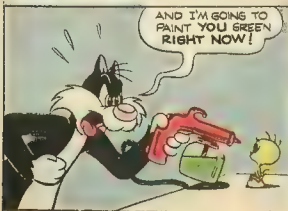
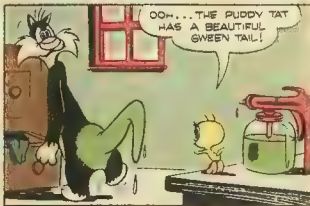
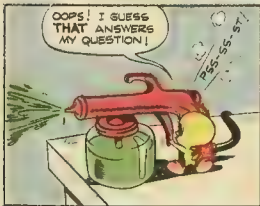
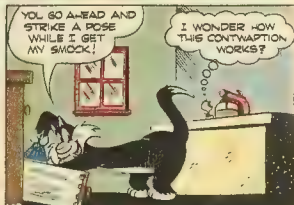
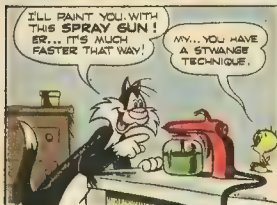
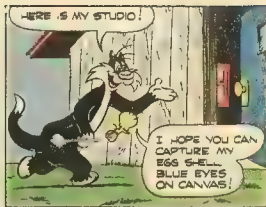
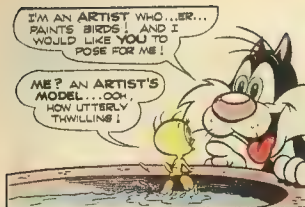
Warner Bros Cartoons, Inc
PRESENT

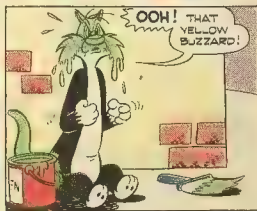
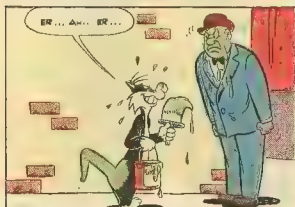
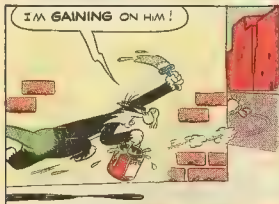
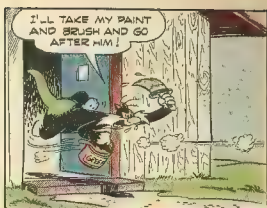
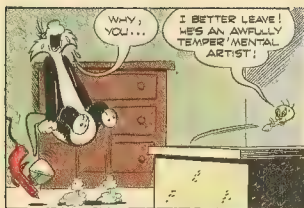
Tweety

AND
SYLVESTER

I WONDER WHAT'S NEW IN
THE NEWSPAPER TODAY?



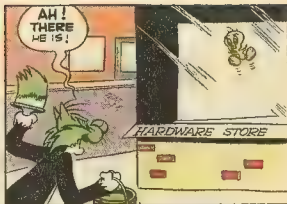




I'LL PAINT HIM GREEN
AND COLLECT THAT
REWARD IF IT'S THE
LAST THING I DO!



AH!
THERE
HE IS!



NOW I GOT'CHA!

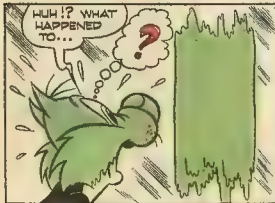
OOH! BE CAREFUL,
PUDDY TAT! YOU'LL
GET PAINT ON THE
STORE WINDOW!



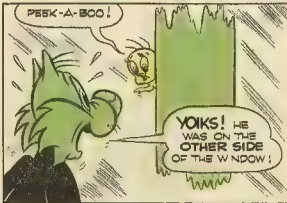
I DON'T CARE,
AS LONG AS I
PAINT YOU!



HUH!? WHAT
HAPPENED
TO...

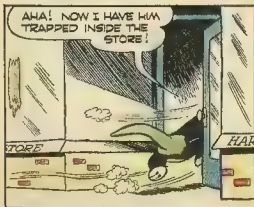


PEEK-A-BOO!

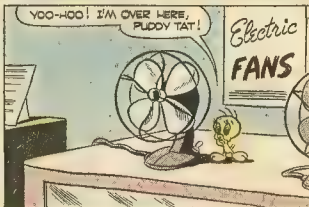


YOIKS! HE
WAS ON THE
OTHER SIDE
OF THE WINDOW!

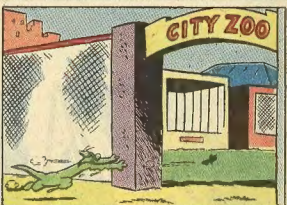
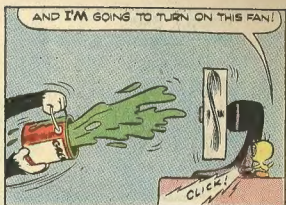
AHA! NOW I HAVE HIM
TRAPPED INSIDE THE
STORE!



YOO-HOO! I'M OVER HERE,
PUDDY TAT!



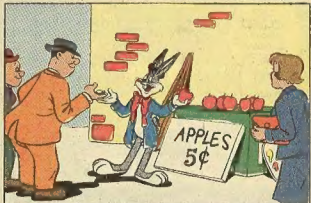
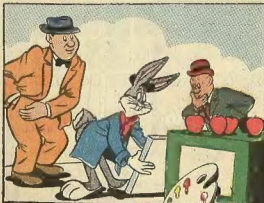
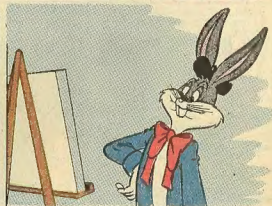
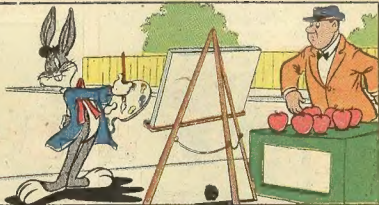
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